

PLEASE INSERT COIN

SUPER DA



BANG!





2018

Printed through Mixam Print (www.mixam.com)

Fonts: Assistant, Shree Devanagari and Pixelate

Organized by: Chie, Paigyloli, AllyAlley and Yaxi

www.pleaseinsertcoinzine.tumblr.com

Cover Artist: Aguichart (https://twitter.com/Agui_chART)

All artworks and stories belong to their respective owners.

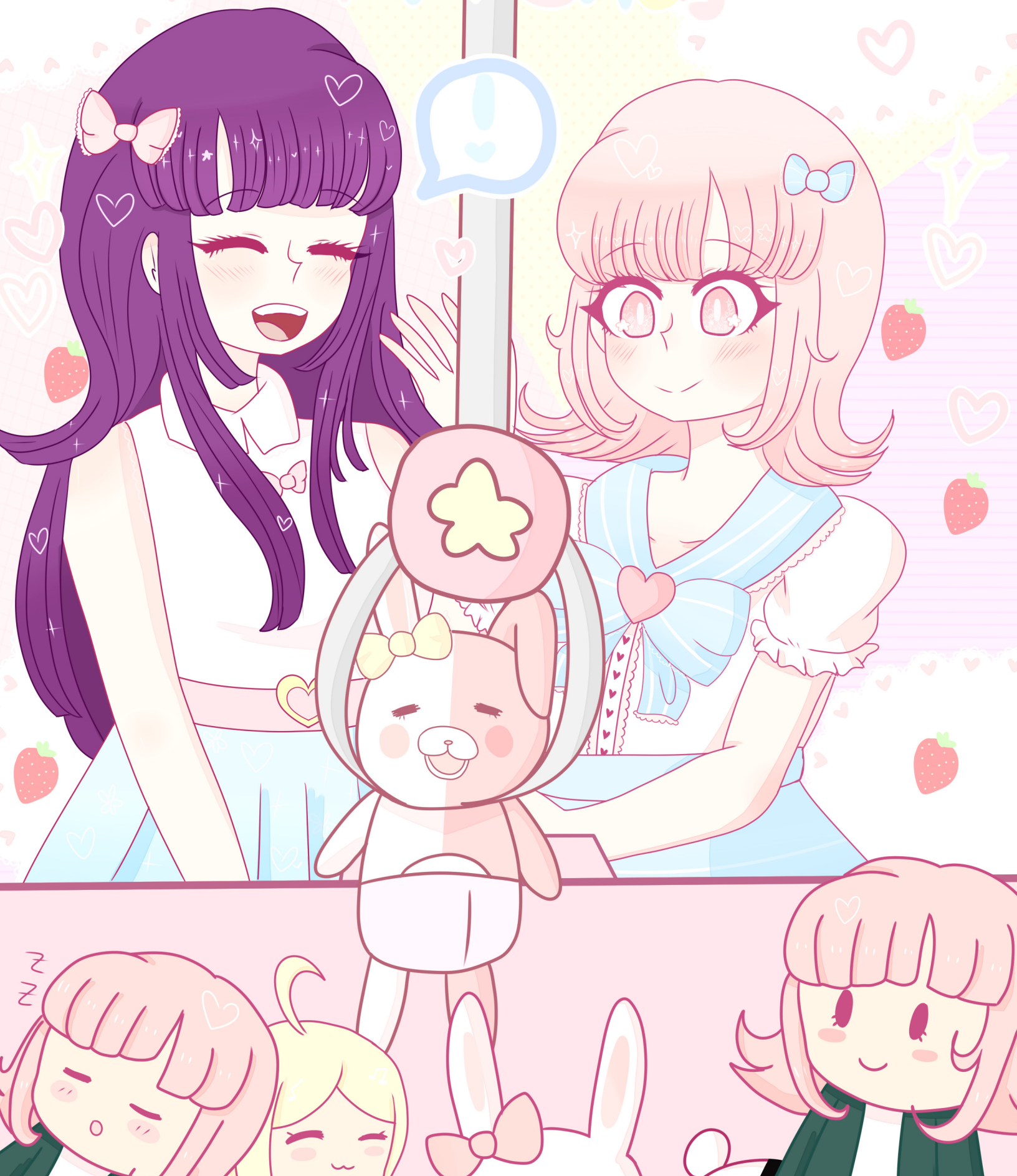
This is a non-profit, charity fanzine on Chiaki Nanami, with proceeds donated to AbleGamers (www.ablegamers.org).

This fanzine is not affiliated with AbleGamers or any *Danganronpa II* series. *Danganronpa II* belongs to Spike Chunsof.

This book may not be sold or re-distributed.

Chiaki-Amami

Friends





A vibrant, anime-style illustration of a young woman with short, wavy pink hair and bangs. She is wearing a black hooded jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. She holds a large yellow cup with a straw in her right hand. Her eyes are closed, and a speech bubble above her head contains the text 'Zzz...' with a small arrow pointing to her head, indicating she is sleepy. To her right, a pink cat-shaped bag with a white belly and a bow is shown. Below it, a collection of items is displayed on a light pink surface: a blue game console with a black cable, a red smartphone with a white charging cable, and several wrapped snacks. The words 'GAMES', 'PHONE', and 'SNACKS' are written in a playful, handwritten font next to their respective items. The background is a soft, light blue with some faint, stylized clouds. The overall style is cute and whimsical, with a focus on gaming and travel accessories.

A vibrant, anime-style illustration of a young woman with short, wavy pink hair and bangs. She is wearing a black hooded jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. She holds a large yellow cup with a straw in her right hand. Her eyes are closed, and a speech bubble above her head contains the text 'Zzz...' with a small arrow pointing to her head, indicating she is sleepy. To her right, a pink cat-shaped bag with a white face and a bow is shown. Below it, a collection of items is displayed on a light pink surface: a blue game console with a black cable, a red smartphone with a white charging cable, and several colorful wrapped snacks. The words 'GAMES', 'PHONE', and 'SNACKS' are written in a playful, handwritten font next to their respective items. The background is a soft, light blue with some white cloud-like shapes. In the bottom right corner, there is a small red star and the text 'CHI'.



A vibrant, anime-style illustration of a young woman with short, wavy pink hair and bangs. She is wearing a black hooded jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. She holds a large yellow cup with a straw in her right hand. Her eyes are closed, and a speech bubble above her head contains the text 'Zzz...' with a small arrow pointing to her head, indicating she is sleepy. To her right, a pink cat-shaped bag with a white face and a bow is shown. Below it, a collection of items is displayed on a light pink surface: a blue game console with a black cable, a pink smartphone with a white charging cable, and several wrapped snacks. The words 'GAMES', 'PHONE', and 'SNACKS' are written in a playful, handwritten font next to their respective items. The background is a soft, light blue with some faint, stylized clouds. The overall style is cute and whimsical, with a focus on gaming and travel accessories.

A vibrant, anime-style illustration of a young woman with short, wavy pink hair and bangs. She is wearing a black hooded jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. She holds a large yellow cup with a straw in her right hand. Her eyes are closed, and a speech bubble above her head contains the text 'Zzz...' with a small arrow pointing to her head, indicating she is sleepy. To her right, a pink cat-shaped bag with a white face and a bow is shown. Below it, a collection of items is displayed on a light pink surface: a blue game console with a black cable, a pink smartphone with a white charging cable, and several wrapped snacks. The words 'GAMES', 'PHONE', and 'SNACKS' are written in a playful, handwritten font next to their respective items. The background is a soft, light blue with some faint, stylized clouds. The overall style is cute and whimsical, with a focus on gaming and travel accessories.

A vibrant, anime-style illustration of a young woman with short, wavy pink hair and bangs. She is wearing a black hooded jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. She holds a large yellow cup with a straw in her right hand. Her eyes are closed, and a speech bubble above her head contains the text 'Zzz...' with a small arrow pointing to her head, indicating she is sleepy. To her right, a pink cat-shaped bag with a white face and a bow is shown. Below it, a collection of items is displayed on a light pink surface: a blue game console with a black cable, a pink smartphone with a white charging cable, and several wrapped snacks. The words 'GAMES', 'PHONE', and 'SNACKS' are written in a playful, handwritten font next to their respective items. The background is a soft, light blue with some faint, stylized clouds. The overall style is cute and whimsical, with a focus on gaming and travel accessories.

A vibrant, anime-style illustration of a young woman with short, wavy pink hair and bangs. She is wearing a black hooded jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. She holds a large yellow cup with a straw in her right hand. Her eyes are closed, and a speech bubble above her head contains the text 'Zzz...' with a small arrow pointing to her head, indicating she is sleepy. To her right, a pink cat-shaped bag with a white face and a bow is shown. Below it, a collection of items is displayed on a light pink surface: a blue game console with a black cable, a pink smartphone with a white charging cable, and several wrapped snacks. The words 'GAMES', 'PHONE', and 'SNACKS' are written in a playful, handwritten font next to their respective items. The background is a soft, light blue with some faint, stylized clouds. The overall style is cute and whimsical, with a focus on gaming and travel accessories.





Half-Eaten

By: Rosemary Arnold (Kibasnipr)

Three gentle knocks are what Nanami gives Hinata's door. She waits as he says he'll be there shortly, so she grips her backpack straps and stands straight. She tilts her head, listening to the sound of Hinata's tepid footsteps trek along the wooden floor of his cabin.

The door creaks open, and Hinata peers at her, a yawn escaping his lips. He quickly covers his mouth, clears his throat, and he greets her in a way anyone else would deem ungraceful as a second yawn slips into his words.

"Hello, Hinata-kun," she says, smiling. "Can I come in?"

Hinata glances around, the creeping night sky looming behind Nanami. For a moment, he thinks something is wrong, but he shakes off his concern and allows her inside. He steps to his left, watching Nanami enter and look around his cabin.

Nanami catches sight of dirty laundry hanging lopsided in a plastic bin. She recalls Souda having the same problem. Her conversation about boys never doing their laundry from Koizumi rings true in her ears even if that conversation had been heavily one-sided.

Other than the laundry, his room is pleasant and orderly with the same set pieces as the other cottages. The flowers sitting on his desk have hints of water dripping off their petals, and she spots a half-full glass cup resting by the pot. The only uncertainty she has about his room is the collection of Hidden Monokumas resting where his bookshelf should have been.

"So, what are you doing here? It's kind of late," Hinata asks, and Nanami sits on his couch, the material soft against her legs.

Setting her backpack on his table, Nanami unzips it and says, "Here. I brought you a gift, Hinata-kun."

He sits by her, his eyes wide and uncertain. Nanami casts him a glance, her posture confident and calm as she pulls out a plastic bag adorned with a pleasingly pink bow. As Hinata utters a quiet gasp, Nanami grins and plucks off the bow, presenting him with kusamochi packed with sweet red bean paste.

"I thought we could share it," she explains, and Hinata eagerly accepts the gift, weighing the mochi in his palms.

She watches him glow as if stars shot across his eyes. She can't help but beam when he thanks her, opening the bag and removing one piece of mochi. When he offers the treat to her, she accepts a larger, saccharine slab.

Hinata opens his mouth and hums, ready to bite down only to hesitate when something catches his eye. Pulling the piece away from his lips, Hinata squints and slowly turns it around. He watches Nanami chomp down on half of her mochi and push the sweet glob against the inside of her right cheek. Pursing his lips, Hinata points at his mochi.

"Hey, um, there's teeth marks on this mochi," he says, and Nanami blinks, roughly swallowing her unevenly chewed blob, and it writhes against her throat.

She hits her chest, forcing the mochi down as surprise pinches her. Nanami peers at Hinata's mochi, discovering a bite mark in the right corner of his piece, ones that looked eerily similar to her own teeth. Hinata looks at her piece and then glances back at his own.

"Did you, uh, eat this piece and stick it back in the bag?" he asks, his complexion paler.

Warm scarlet scorches her cheeks as her plan crumbles. She had seen him forlorn after the class trial and decided it would be proper to buy a treat for him. The aggravating minutes Nanami spent at the MonoMono Machine trying to win kusamochi, as Monokuma promised he put some in there, proved fruitless when Monomi gently informed her that he lied. When she raced to the grocery store before it closed, she managed to buy the very last bag of kusamochi. She thought Hinata's favorite food would cheer him up after such a sobering trial with Koizumi's death, Pekoyama's execution, and Kuzuryuu's injuries.

With the dreadful experience of the class trial and her time-consuming search for Hinata's favorite treat, Nanami grew peckish. Hunger gnawed at her stomach, and her body demanded any kind of sustenance. Sleep simply was not cutting it even when she tried to nap standing upright at the MonoMono Machine.

When she had the mochi, she thought one missing piece wouldn't hurt Hinata. One tiny bite, she had promised herself, and that would be it. Unfortunately, she had forgotten to separate her piece and mistakenly dropped it back in the bag.

Now, here she is watching Hinata hold up her half-eaten mochi. Nanami rubs her forearm, embarrassment thick in hot flames of red on her cheeks. She shifts her gaze at the rest of the mochi, attempting to muster an apology when Hinata snickers.

"You really just left it in here? You didn't even finish it?" Teasing tickles his tongue, and Nanami frowns, her brow furrowing.

"It took me a really long time to get it. I was hungry," she insists, puffing her cheeks out, and Hinata chuckles, offering Nanami her piece.

"I think you should finish it," he replies, and he places the mochi into her open palm.

Nanami wastes no time tossing the sugary treat into her mouth. She wonders if Hinata is almost impressed by how quickly she chews and swallows, the cloying taste coating her tongue. Finishing off her second piece, Nanami returns his grin.

Her embarrassment wears thin as they share the mochi. She observes his expression turn brighter with every piece, the satisfaction swelling up within her knowing she had made one of her friends happy. Even a moment of a peace is a powerful tool against Monokuma's despair, but for her, spending time with her friend is much more important.

"These are delicious," Hinata says, a spittle of red bean paste slipping over his lip. Quickly licking it, Hinata smiles at her.

"I'm glad you liked them," Nanami replies, her bliss infectious to anyone who would come near them.

Hinata cocks his head, hunching towards her. "But why'd you bring me them?"

Nanami hums, acting like she is mulling over his question, but she already has the answer in mind. She looks at him, her fingers reaching for his shoulder, and she grasps him, applying light pressure.

"Because it's something I knew you would like, Hinata-kun. If my friend is sad, then I wouldn't want to leave them that way." She pauses. "I think."

Her answer leaves him chuckling. Sincerity and light confusion mingled in her tone, and he couldn't help but return her kindness with a snicker. Hinata thanks her, his sadness smothered with kusamochi.

Nanami smiles, releasing Hinata's shoulder and setting her hand back into her lap. Spotting the last piece of mochi, she reaches for it and quickly plops it into her mouth. Hearing Hinata comment that she looked like a tiny rodent, she scowls at him, a rare anger flashing in her eyes.

"Uh, you know, not like a rat or anything, but you're like a..." Hinata trails off, scratching the back of his head as he loses his train of thought. Whistling becomes his excuse to bide for time.

Nanami relaxes, replying, "It's okay. I know you didn't mean it out of malice." She pauses once more, narrowing her gaze as her tone turns slightly harsh. "I think."

Hinata waves his hand in front of his nose as if he were brushing away an irritating insect. "H-hey, don't add that 'I think' after you already forgave me."

Giggling, Nanami says, "Just kidding."

Hinata utters a short peel of rather shrill laughter. "Y-yeah! Of course. Same here."

Nanami grins, knowing she has definitely leveled up her friendship with Hinata. Even though she is still learning about humans and their variety of feelings and cultures, she feels like a real person. As a hope shard for Hinata appears in her e-Handbook, Nanami knows she is much closer to Hinata than before.









Integer Overflow

By: EvilMuffins

Sometimes, every now and then, it was almost easy for Chiaki to forget.

When she would lose herself in the gaming machines in the resort lobby; when she would drift off into a sudden nap, peaceful and deep; during lively mealtimes surrounded by her classmates; mourning alongside them as the trial ground podiums became vacant one by one... it was easy not to think so much about it. Maybe she wasn't all that different from her friends, after all, their bodies –made up of things more tangible than zeros and ones- all left behind in a place that Nanami Chiaki could never truly reach.

There were still, of course, other times in which the reality of her situation became terribly apparent- a Mimic hidden among treasure chests.

Dreams never seemed to find Chiaki as she slept. As her classmates passed on one by one, she knew the truth of their bodies, lying undamaged under plexiglass, even as their minds suffered in pain.

Chiaki would eat with the others, breakfast mostly, whatever was put in front of her, but it wasn't as if she truly needed the food. An electrical socket, somewhere that wasn't here, provided all that she needed.

This was, of course, not true of the other students.

Komaeda Nagito stood among the sea of pink, arms crossed, eyes fixed absently on the small playground tucked behind the flowerbeds.

While Chiaki generally enjoyed the color pink- it reminded her of a certain round and squishy Nantendo character she had always had a fondness for- even she had to agree that being surrounded by it day in and out was becoming disconcerting at best.

“Komaeda-kun?”

“Ah, Nanami-san,” Komaeda greeted, turning around to blink at her. Whatever thoughts he had been lost in seemed to have drowned out the sound of Chiaki's footsteps approaching, not that her flats ever made much noise. Still, Komaeda generally seemed more attuned to his surroundings than this, Chiaki thought, likely a side-effect of his frequent bouts of bad luck forcing him to keep vigilant.

If she thought about it, Chiaki was fairly certain that she'd have a hard time dealing with such precarious luck herself. The thought of an endless stream of worthless randomized items drops made her nose itch, even if it may have balanced out by generating fewer random encounters... or something like that.

“You’re probably going to think that this is pretty silly of me,” Komaeda continued with a little chuckle in that odd way of his, “But I was thinking about taking a ride on the swings...”

“Why don’t you, then?” Chiaki asked, tilting her head, eyes shifting between the boy and the playground equipment. It was a ‘fun’ house, after all, even if Chiaki severely doubted that a slide could ever be more fun than Gala Omega, even if she had never played on one before.

“Besides making a fool of myself if anyone else were to walk by?” Komaeda smiled, cheerful for a person facing starvation, or so Chiaki thought. There was an odd light in his eyes as they spoke, one that she couldn’t quite place.

“Never stopped you before,” Chiaki said with a shrug. Not pressing the matter further, she made for the swing set, settling herself down on the flexible plastic seat, hands folded in her lap.

“I’ve only played on one of these before, to be honest,” Komaeda admitted wistfully, moving nearer to place his hand on the chain of Chiaki’s swing. “The chains were old and rusted; they broke apart and I fell flat on my back.”

“Did it hurt much?” Chiaki asked, kicking her feet on the pink astro-turf experimentally, causing Komaeda to let go.

He settled down onto the seat beside her, coat flapping down over the back of it like the tail of some strange exotic bird. He laughed again, although Chiaki didn’t quite see what was funny. Still, she found herself with a bemused smile on the edge of her lips, mirroring his own. “I was too busy wishing on the shooting star that passed by just then...”

“What did you wish for?” Chiaki kicked again, although she seemed to not be making much headway as far as liftoff was concerned.

He was doing it again, she realized, staring off into space like that. It wasn’t as if she didn’t do the same now and again, although she suspected for a reason somewhat different. All things considered, he was holding up remarkably well compared to some of the others, like Akane or Souda. How many days had it been already? She was unable to check her diary, stashed away back in Monomi’s house as it was.

Did the others even truly need to eat? Chiaki wondered. They were plugged into IVs back on the other island, the true island. That much she did know.

“Like this,” Komaeda instructed instead, pumping his arms in concert with lanky legs in order to urge his swing up into the air. “I’d give you a push, but it probably wouldn’t end well.” He smiled wryly.

A thought occurred to Chiaki then.

“You’re a little bit like Clyde, I think,” she stated abruptly, wrapping her fingers around the chains, getting a feel for the cool metal beneath them.

“I’ll take it he’s from a game?” Komaeda asked, slowing his pace to match her own, allowing his heels to drag.

“He’s the orange one. The orange ghost, I mean... in Pac-man,” Chiaki explained concisely.

“Oh, I see...” Komaeda smiled knowingly, as if all the secrets of the island had suddenly been bestowed upon him.

“When you play the game, Clyde... he appears to move randomly. He’s different than the other ghosts, even his name doesn’t match, you know?” Chiaki stilled her swing in order to count down on the tips of her fingers. “Inky, Blinky-“

“And Pinky, right?” Komaeda interjected, earning an impressed nod from the gamer. “I’d say it was a lucky guess, but it really wasn’t that hard to figure out.”

“Yeah,” Chiaki continued, the smile that had wandered onto her lips beginning to settle in, “Well, you see, his movements aren’t really random at all. There’s thought put into it, even if the player can’t really see it themselves. Sometimes, you see, Clyde, he’ll chase after Pac-man whenever he feels that Pac-man is far away from him. Other times, though, when Pac-man is near, he’ll panic and aim for the left corner, not able to get too close.”

“I don’t really know all that much about gaming -or anything, really- so I’ll have to take your word for it.” Komaeda dug his toes thoughtfully into the ground, pushing off despite any hunger-induced tremors in his legs, launching his swing into the air, so much so that Chiaki wondered what would happen if he continued up and over the top.

“It’s an unwinnable game,” Chiaki said after a pause, banishing the amusing image. He wouldn’t have known if he wasn’t much of a gamer, most people didn’t.

Komaeda allowed himself to slow again, mulling this over. “Really?”

“Once the player hits level 256, the game glitches out, due to integer overflow.” Chiaki took her hand off the chain, in order to mime a chomping motion in the air in front of her. “Pac-man can eat, and eat, but he’ll never be able to eat up all of the dots. The game is over, yet the player hasn’t really won.”

Not that Chiaki doubted the fact that Komaeda could somehow accomplish the impossible if he tried...or possibly even if he didn’t.

Maybe talking about eating wasn’t the best of ideas right now, anyway, she thought, stealing a glance at the other swing.

“What’s the point of playing at all, then?” Komaeda asked finally, coming to a stop and looking Chiaki in the eye.

“I think...You already know the answer.”

“...Hope?”

Chiaki nodded. “They keep playing in the hope that they’ll eventually win, that maybe, just this once, they might make it out of that final level with their last life intact.”







Restart!

By: Rosemary Arnold (Kibasnipr)

“And thus, I welcome you all to the Killing Game RPG of Hope’s Peak Academy! Everyone, do your best to work together and survive!”

As the words of Magical Despair Mascot Usami washes over my perplexed classmates, I really can’t help the smile splitting through my cheeks. Their voices mesh in a cacophony of chaos and thunder as I make Usami wave her wand like a scolding teacher whipping her yardstick. I steady my headset as I speak into it, and my altered voice emits from Usami’s mouth.

“Tut tut! Don’t talk back to your Dungeon Master. I worked really hard to make sure this game goes exactly as planned,” she remarks, crossing her arms and puffing out her cheeks. She really is super cute when she’s mad. I’m so glad I had Fujisaki design her in such an adorably deceiving way.

I lean away and stretch, hearing my back crack as the rebellious rabble resume their inane bickering. Their eyes flick to and fro, and their heads jerk at any sound, taking in whatever jargon someone else is shouting. Whether it’s Sonia demanding order or Kuzuryuu spewing curses, they all exude their paranoia like poisons permeating in the air and contaminating everyone.

They really are weak players filled to the brim with distrust and anxiety. Those are emotions unfit for the purpose of my killing game, but I think that’s okay for now. This is just the prologue. If those feelings can get the dice rolling towards my goal, then it will all work out. Even if we lose a few party members, I, the Dungeon Master, will be exalted in the end for bringing unifying everyone.

Some of them are still too aggro. Silly Owari flings herself at the gymnasium’s stage and charges at Usami. Nidai’s commands for Owari to stand down go unheard. Her fist curls around Usami’s lopsided ear, and she heaves my poor mascot right off her podium. Gripping my controller, I wiggle the analog stick, and Usami’s feet and head rapidly wiggle. Setting my free hand on my headset, I speak.

“Hey! This is against the rules! I said no violence against the Dungeon Master, Owari-san!” Usami proclaims, but Owari, too engrossed in her anger, refuses to stand down.

“Shut up! Do you think I’m gonna let you say whatever you want? You’re just some pink bunny thing!” Owari snarls, and she raises her left hand, her knuckles burning white as she makes a fist. “I’m gonna wipe those stupid sparkles right out of your beady eyes!”

Oh, Owari! She’s definitely not a team player. I remember when I organized fighting games Owari would always choose a solo act. She’d always get the strongest character even when it was supposed to be a team match and go off on her own.

Well, I guess I’ll have to show her that the almighty Dungeon Master isn’t someone to take lightly!

The keys produce a monotonous click as I hit them. I have Usami warn Owari that she should let her go before her entire body begins to glow a brilliant white. Owari sputters, her expression warping into balking horror as her brow knits together. She barks for answers that I will not give as I suppress the urge to laugh. This scene really is a fun throwback, isn't it?

Then, Pekoyama and Kuzuryuu shout for her to throw Usami. Owari glares at them, brow furrowing, demanding an explanation. Pekoyama rushes forward, ripping Usami out of her grasp. Kuzuryuu points to the ceiling, and Pekoyama whips Usami high above them.

I'm reminded of the fireworks show I brought everyone to see as Usami explodes in a flashing burst of pink and sparkles mingling with fiery smoke. Owari shrieks, and Pekoyama snatches her wrist, bringing away from the remnants of the explosion. I sigh, feeling myself become lighter as I immerse myself in those happy memories, everyone's smiling faces so distant now compared to the pale shock enveloping everyone.

I can't help but grin. Kuzuryuu and Pekoyama always had such an inspiringly poignant bond even during our peaceful days. They'll prove to be some incredible team players if only for each other. Even a supportive duo will work for my game as long as they level each other up.

I grab a new controller and toss away the old one. Hitting the start button, a new Usami appears from behind the podium. I speak into my microphone, warning the others in Usami's voice to always pay attention to the game's rules.

My players shiver like they've been outside in the cold for too long. They all seem to realize the severity of their situation as their pupils turn into pinpricks. Each breath becomes shuddery gasps. The mood completely shifts as the smoke filters out like a scene transition from a battle back to the overworld. They all have their big enemy to face, but they aren't nearly as powerful as they should be in order to fight me.

Complacency and morbid acceptance hits them all like a dark mage's lightning bolt. They're trapped in my pitch black dungeon without any escape ropes. Unless they work together to endure my masterful Killing Game RPG, they could be endlessly crawling in my labyrinth of despair and murders for the rest of their days.

I sigh, ending the prologue and sending Usami flying over their heads and out of the gymnasium. My players converse in a meager attempt at comradery, but it leads to a shouting match as expected. Koizumi is quick to rebuke Kuzuryuu for his unhelpful attitude, and Souda clutches his beanie as Kuzuryuu snarls that he would not hesitate to kill everyone. Komaeda keeps smiling and reassuring everyone they'll be okay, but I can already tell he's going to be the most uncooperative member of their ragtag party. His obsession with hope is definitely going to undermine my game's need for cooperation, so maybe he'll be the first one killed off. Who knows? Only time and rampant emotions can tell.

I get up and stretch once more, my back making another sickening crack. Grimacing, I hunch forward and take off my headset. I can finally sigh and groan in peace as I recover from the long, agitating minutes of sitting still and explaining the rules of my game.

As everyone departs on the screens before me, I really can't help the bubbling chuckle creeping up from the back of my throat. Even through all this, in a situation where cooperation is the gold key, everyone's so aggro. Any chance for a multiplayer vibe right in the beginning of this game is hopeless, but maybe, as the killings happen, they'll finally band together and properly engage with my game. They'll level up and become so much stronger until they reach a point where even I, the big bad boss, am left rendered unable to fight by a super effective

move. They could even one-shot me, which leaves me reeling with glee as my giggling spills out through the fine spaces of my teeth.

I sit down and adjust the sleeves of my hoodie. Pulling them up to my elbows, I fiddle with the controls of my monitors through several key commands. As I type, I hear the whirring of the double doors leading to my control room open. I grin, looking over my shoulder at my most favorite guest.

“Nanami-san,” Yukizome-sensei chirps, her bright, friendly aura feeling truly infectious, “how are you doing?”

“Great! I just finished up the prologue, and everyone’s really angry like you said they would be!” I cheer, throwing my hands up like a little kid in a candy store. In my position, I must look like Monaka.

Yukizome-sensei clicks her tongue against the roof of her mouth as the doors slide shut behind her. She huffs, “Honestly! A little memory wipe happens, and they’re right back to the beginning.”

“Yeah. All of their character development is gone.” I stick out my tongue and direct my thumb to the floor. Sighing, I snatch a controller and have Usami fly through the one of the many hallways of the school.

Yukizome-sensei shakes her head and grips her hips, a fiery passion burning in her eyes as she looks down at me. “When you’re done with them, then they’ll really be united! Don’t give up!”

I nod and smile, her words calming my apprehension, and I ask, “How are things on your end?”

She sighs, throwing her arms out. “Oh, the Future Foundation is still awful! Those silly branch heads can’t work together no matter how hard I try. It’s always that petty grunge between Andou-san and Kimura-san brewing in our meetings. Also, I think Sakakura-kun’s temper will explode if Tengan-san says another thing about morality and balance.”

I snicker as Yukizome-sensei groans and begins digging her fingers through her scalp. She flings herself into a rolling chair like some kind of dramatic actress desperate for an award. Her conversations with me are really my only other pleasure.

She lifts her head up, saying, “Oh, I just remembered something I needed to ask you. Have you heard anything from Enoshima-san?”

The mere mention of the mastermind’s name chills me to the core. Goosebumps prick my skin. Hairs on my neck stand at full attention. I meander for a moment, reaching for my nearby Game Girl Advance when Yukizome-sensei sighs. Her head tilts like a concerned parent.

“It’s okay, Nanami-san, to be scared of her, but in the end, we both know she’s right.” She reaches for me, slipping her palm on my knee. She blinks, and her eyes are swirls sucking me deeper into the void of hopelessness that had captivated me ever since the first spike stabbed through my body. Her other hand cups my cheek, and just like on that fateful day, she is warm and soft.

Of course Enoshima is right. She’s always been right. Ever since I was “executed,” Enoshima taught me a cruel truth.

Even with all of the bonds I forged with my friends, they could not save me. They were still disunited. They were too engrossed in their horror, crying for me while doing nothing about it. Any and all unity was shattered as soon as I hit the ground.

Even now, the blood cakes my body like a threadbare blanket. Sticky warmth paints the canvas of my body. The tattered remnants of my clothes itch my pale skin, and Kamukura merely leers down at me. Pain jolts me from every organ beginning to shut down, spilling out fluids and burning me from the inside out.

I was only saved on a whim from Enoshima, who just looked down at me as she forced my eyes open to watch that horrifying video and crooned, “See, Nanami-chan? Your hope in your classmates was misplaced. Just let this save file be erased, and start a new game.”

Emptiness was my shell until Enoshima taught me the truth about despair while molding me into her perfect mini boss. Through despair, everyone could restart. Game overs never had to happen or even matter as long as the save files were destroyed.

It’s okay. It was a lesson I had to learn, and it’s a lesson they’ll learn, too. Through this killing game I was tasked to create, I’ll reforge everyone’s bonds through the thickness of despair like building connections with other characters in a tactics game.

I rub my tired eyes. When I reopen them, I’m just like Yukizome-sensei. My eyes are spinning and so is the game I’m weaving. Everyone will soon learn the greatest unity through despair. If they couldn’t save me back then because they were too aggro, then they’ll learn how to save themselves and each other.

Who knows? Maybe they’ll even come to appreciate the game I’ve laid out for them with all of its grand twists, turns, and topsy-turvy terror. Plot twists are always really fun especially when they can’t be predicted.

“Nanami-san, are you good here?” Yukizome-sensei asks, her eyes wide with worry. “If you want, I can always stay and help look after things.”

Shaking my head, I say, “No. I can’t make you fret, too. I’ll make you proud like before, Yukizome-sensei.”

She lets her mouth fall open for a moment before her lips draw into a tight, toothy sneer. She looks so much like Enoshima. When I return her grin, I suppose I do as well, but that’s all for the best. If it’s for the sake of our cruel desires at the end of this despair, all of the pain and death will mean nothing to us.



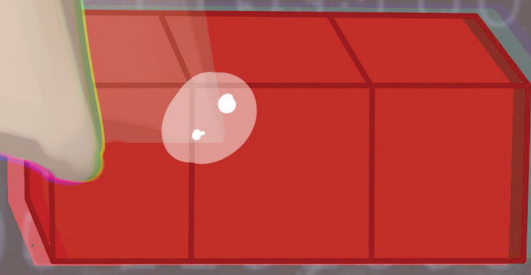
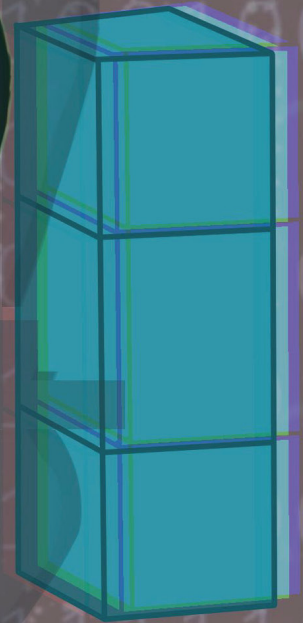
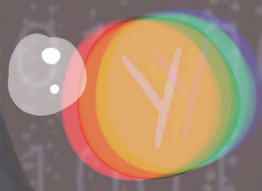






GAME OVER

KIWICHIPS



exit ?



Press Start To End

By: Redbluezero

Chiaki was sweating. She didn't know she could do that. Sweat was weird and new. It felt so hot, burning, yet the room was rather cold. Her whole body ached in an awkward way, almost nauseous. Chiaki could feel her legs trembling, her limbs trying so hard to keep her up for just a little longer. Her program must've been more complex than she thought. For a second she thought about her creator, imagining them in the dark, clicking away at a computer and staying up until ungodly hours of the night to make her this... alive. But now was not the time for such thoughts, not when the people that called her a friend were all looking at her in disbelief. Not when the trial room seemed to turn dull and suffocating in a matter of seconds.

"H-hey Chiaki? You're crying..." Souda pointed out, extending his finger toward her as though she were a monster. His voice was more shaky than observant though, as he couldn't hide the way he was truly feeling. He took quick glances at Sonia for some comfort, but his face remained tear-streaked. It was then that Chiaki realized she'd mistaken her own tears for sweat.

"Huh, I guess I am..." she mumbled, raising her quivering fingers up to her face. She gently touched her tears, which were warm like she expected. Paired with the heat of being anxious, it only made sense to Chiaki that she was sweating. However, she knew that just wasn't the case. She knew it was tears, but didn't want to think so. Everybody was right, she was in denial.

"Bad actors always cry through their lies! Isn't that right, Chiaki? Just tell us you're lying already!" Hinata filled the quiet room with his loud voice, though it was not strong like usual. His voice was instead timid, begging and hoping that Chiaki was not who she said she was. However, he was in denial as well. He knew Chiaki was telling a truth.

"Come on, let's just get this over with. You don't have to pretend, Chiaki," Akane yelled in annoyance. She sighed heavily and furrowed her eyebrows, trying to look intimidating. Behind her fire, though, was a swarm of panic. Fuyuhiko had a similar reaction.

"Nobody has time for this, Chiaki! Stop it!" he cried. His emotions were a lot more apparent, and he was crying like Souda. However, his tears were angry. He didn't understand why Chiaki had built up this whole ruse, nobody did.

"You're still our friend, right?" Sonia asked, her usual elegance shattering. She seemed to have diminished into the most fragile person there. Her wobbly voice was just as apparent as everyone else's, as was her denial. She had to reassure herself. Everybody did.

Monokuma was eerily silent during all the commotion; perhaps he enjoyed the chaos. He sat in his chair, watching the group of teenagers with emotionless eyes. Chiaki took notice of his absence in the conversation, and looked up at him. For a second, she broke her dreary character and gave the bear a sharp glare. But she knew she couldn't be mad at him, there were so many other people to blame. And even then, she knew she could only blame herself. Her tears continued to stream down her cheeks.

With the blink of an eye, Chiaki was back in that dark room. She had no idea what was going on, and thoughts whirled in her head. However, the thoughts didn't stick around or form. The panic caused by the fire and creepy music that was bursting her ears had gotten to her. With no time to think, she did the inevitable. A few mindless steps forward and Komaeda was dead; the poison grenade's image was stained into her mind. She fell into his trap, but was it even his? No, she had to stop blaming people. Tears fell off Chiaki's chin. She had to forget about the fire, the plan, everything. It was her fault, she was created to do this. In that case, it's her creator's fault. They made her do this. No, they didn't. Chiaki hiccuped softly as she tried to convince herself it was all and only her fault, which it was. She did this, not Monokuma or Komaeda or her creator. Only she could have created the feelings she harbored for the group. The confession should've never happened, or if it did, it should've been easier. Still, everyone's words of hope and desperation ran through her mind along with the memories.

"I'm the traitor, Sonia, how could I be your friend?" Chiaki replied through choked sobs. She tried to put on her best smile, but it came out awkwardly. Hinata stared in confusion, his face twisted in shock. However, there was a slight layer of disgust on it too. He knew who she really was, he knew the truths.

"How could you lie to us... All those times... together..." Sonia fell to the ground dramatically. Souda's legs jerked, as if he were going to rush over. However, he knew that wouldn't be appropriate, not right now. For he, too, felt like collapsing. Sure, he was wiping his tears, but his free hand still gripped his chest.

"It was to blend in, like a traitor should," Chiaki insisted, her words coming out as a slight scream. Memories of everyone's arrival on the island flashed through her head. The sandy paradise's warmth wrapped around her, and so did the smiles of her new friends that were more vibrant than the sun. Her throat burned now, as if she had swallowed sand.

"Shut up. Shut up! First Peko, and now you? I don't even care anymore, what the *fuck*!?" Fuyuhiko shouted, though his voice sounded muffled. His hand was covering his mouth to prevent tears from falling in. As much as he wanted to present his usual tough guy façade, this was too much for him to handle.

"I'm different than Peko. I never cared about you, or anyone. I did this for myself," Chiaki refuted. She was thrown back to the second island, and found herself in the library. She had been trying to help the others remain calm after the first murder while also trying to figure out the mystery behind the Twilight Syndrome Murder Case game that intrigued her so much. Her heart began to beat faster and faster.

"Come on, Chiaki! That's bullshit! You... you were so... you helped... Argh!" Akane yelled in frustration. She was so distraught that she stumbled on her words, though she kept her cool better than the others. However, her fists were clenched far too tightly and her knuckles only got paler by the second.

"I helped only to keep up the ruse," Chiaki finished Akane's sentence. She thought about how she made a point to visit everyone in the infirmary after they caught the Despair Disease. She knew she couldn't get sick, so she would sometimes hold hands with those afflicted. They wouldn't remember anyway, so it was a win-win; everybody was comforted in some way. Chiaki actually did begin to sweat at that point, her palms getting clammy.

"What about the fun times? The amusement park? Remember, you guys made me go on that stupid rollercoaster... if it meant nothing, why'd you do it?! Huh?! Explain, Chiaki!"

Souda snarled, more tears streaming down his face as he clenched his teeth. He looked like a wounded animal.

“Like I said to Sonia, it was... to fit in. I had... no fun at all... with you fools,” Chiaki mumbled, trying to make her face look demeaning. Her eyebrows curved upward and she wore an eerie grin. However, it was a shaky one, as she remembered how much fun that rollercoaster was. She remembered hearing Souda’s screams and everyone else’s laughs. She remembered the happiness she somehow felt when she had hung around with the others there.

“You’ve got that wrong! Maybe you are the traitor, maybe Komaeda’s luck got it right... but that’s not the lie here. The lie is that you never cared about us! The lie is that you weren’t our friends! You’re just telling us these things so it’ll be easier on you, isn’t that right, Chiaki Nanami?!” Hinata cried, pointing his finger at Chiaki. She froze, her shivering ceased. She continued to grin, though. Hinata always did have a way with words.

“Oh Hinata, can’t you accept that... you’re not... right... for... once,” Chiaki mumbled. She suddenly remembered that she’d been crying ever since the reveal. It was somehow easy to forget that there was liquid pouring from her eyes, since it’d been like that for so long. Even so, she remembered how she felt when Komaeda had died. She remembered how Hinata felt, poor Hinata. She didn’t want to see him cry like that ever again. So she turned to Monokuma.

“Aren’t you going to bring down your gavel? I’ve confessed. Get it over with,” she asked. She tried to infuse mockery in her tone, but she couldn’t remove the heartbreak in it. Monokuma did as asked. With one ear shattering smash, the red button was pressed. Monokuma grabbed onto Chiaki’s hoodie and began dragging her away.

“No! Chiaki! Don’t go, not before you stop lying! Not before you say you didn’t mean it, that it was a joke! Chiaki! You’re one of my dearest friends!” Hinata yelled. He tried to run after her, reach out to her, but she was too far gone. Now he was crying, feeling like a failure. Both of his best friends gone. The sounds of Chiaki being dragged to her death echoed in his mind, but not as loudly as her last words.

“Game over, Hinata.”



● REC



MIRUO-CCHI

[00:23]







SERPURA 1/8

Encountered an Error

By: KimmyThain

Hope's Peak Academy... it was a place of many memories for him. He'd seen the walls inside countless times, and, if one were to blind him and place him at its front door, he'd still be able to navigate the halls with ease.

He knew every minute detail of that school, from the placement of the desks and chairs to every scratch on the floor. He was capable of recreating every single inch of it, even places he should never have access to, like the secret rooms and spaces designed for those of the opposite sex- all of these within his memory.

...

Of course, none of this was really from **his own** memory.

His creator gave **him** an image that mirrored closely to his own, and a mission: to wake up the 77th class, no matter what. To do so, **he'd** entered deep into their minds. Memories played into **his** surroundings, and faceless phantoms acted like actual people. The person then deformed said memories, purging all sadness, anguish, and pain away from their new, *blissful* paradise. **He**, in turn, inflicted more sadness, anguish, and pain in any way deemed fit. Some were easy to awaken from their dream; others took *many* attempts.

Throughout it all, **he** was given no name. **He** was only given a title.

He was ***The World Destroyer***.

His creator never gave **him** a name, nor was it imperative **he** find **himself** one. When **his** mission to wake up all ten comatose students ended in success, **his** creator gave him only one order before everyone left the islands: fix the Neo World Program.

His title as *the World Destroyer* no longer fit **his** new duties. Nameless and titleless, **he** began **his** work, starting with Hope's Peak Academy.

Using the data **he** had recorded from **his** numerous psychodives, **he** was able to completely recode Hope's Peak Academy until it was an exact replica of the whole school. About 40 days after he started, the easier part of **his** job was done, and **he** stepped outside of the doors for the first time in a long while to assess the situation.

He walked to the bridge, and it teleported **him** to the first island instead of the central one. **He'd** encountered this bug numerous times within the virtual Hope's Peak Academy, and from that experience, **he'd** found it best to fix the floor before fixing the bug. Scanning his

surroundings, there were only a few minor glitches here and there.... all things **he** could fix with relative ease.

It was when **he** entered the hotel area that **he** encountered more glitches: layered blocks taking form as physical obstructions. Avoiding them, **he** intended to go up to the restaurant from the lobby, but when **he** opened the door, **he** received signals of a major unknown error. **He** immediately saw the source of the message.

There, in the middle of the lobby, stood a figure, back facing to **him**. They glowed, fading in and out erratically. There were some parts of the figure missing entirely, and blocks of corruption floated around them. A blue hood hid their head, and their shoulders were hunched forward. The figure remained still as a statue as **he** circled to their front.

He could now see that the figure was dressed in a girl's high school uniform, the blue sweater covering a white blouse that was tucked neatly into a pleated tan skirt. In her hands was a game console, screen not even on. Pink hair poked out of the hood and framed the fair face. Eyes half-open, mouth agape, the girl stared at the screen. Not a single breath left her lips. It was as if she was merely an empty shell.

Even though **he** had never met them, **he** knew exactly who she was, or more accurately, who she was meant to be. **His** creator had given **him** digitized reports of the experience each survivor had within the Neo World Program, including descriptions of this person. Still, it would be better to gather more evidence, especially given the state she was in. It was **his** duty to scan for errors to see if they could be fixed.

He brought **his** hand out, emitting a horizontal line of light, and slowly brought it down from the top of her head to the floor. As suspected, the code was missing a lot of data. This was not a code for an avatar of a human, but a part of the system. One line of code confirmed it... this was the Observer.

"Hey hey..." a voice spoke. It had a mechanical echo with audible cracks, and was only *just* discernibly female. **He** had turned away subconsciously when taking in the data and hadn't seen the Observer become active again. The Observer was staring at **him** through half-lidded eyes, her console now held in one hand hanging limp at her side.

Now with the Observer awake, the corruption became more active. The blocks moved like a swarm of flies around her, and she seemed to be fading in and out more sporadically.

The Observer blinked at **him** slowly, likely processing the one in front of her. Then she closed her eyes.

"Oh... I'm sorry," she murmured. "You reminded me of someone... I think." She tilted her head to one side, then opened her eyes to gauge **his** reaction.

"Who is it that I remind you of?" **he** inquired. The Observer looked conflicted.

"I don't... don't... remember..." she stumbled. "No... no, that's wrong... I can't... can't remember the *name*." **He** took note of this, filing it into memory. More data had to be gathered.

"Do you remember who you are, then?"

"I'm Chiaki Nanami, the Ultimate Gamer," she said with practiced confidence.

He continued **his** investigation. "Do you remember where you are? What your role was?"

She broke eye contact with **him** and looked down, crossing her arms as best as she could with the controller still in her hand. "Yes," she replied, slowly. "This is... the Neo World Program... and my role was... the Observer. My mission from Future Foundation was... to watch over the inhabitants of the program."

"I see, so you were able to retain information about yourself," **he** stated. She nodded in response.

Before **he** could further inquire about her memories, she interrupted **him**.

"I feel like... I should trust you, but... who are you?" she asked, hesitantly.

He turned to the window and gestured to it.

"In a way, one could say I am like you," **he** replied. "I am an *alter ego* created to be a part of the program and help in the rehabilitation process."

"I can understand that.... I think," she said after some time. "You weren't created by Father though... right?"

"No, I was created by another," **he** turned to look back to her. "I was made to help wake up ten comatose individuals who had fallen in the program."

At that, she gasped. "Are they okay? Are they all awake?!" she questioned enthusiastically.

"Yes, I was successful in my mission," **he** stated matter-of-factly. She smiled brightly at the news, hand over her chest as though calming a racing heart.

"Then I'm glad," she smiled, graciously.

"Chiaki Nanami," **he** said, suddenly. She looked at him inquisitively in response. "You need not be concerned for the fates of the 77th class right now. They are awake, and it is likely they will be fine. The main concern, right now, is you." **He** pointed to her, specifically at the large hole on the left side of her chest.

Nanami looked down at herself, right hand clutching at her absent 'heart,' and stared blankly.

"Oh," she said, softly. "This is like when Jared was told by Nell that he wasn't actually human, and when he looks at himself, he sees that he's a robot, just like Nell. Although, Jared was a lot more panicked about it than I am. I must have already known this somewhere in the back of my mind... probably."

He didn't understand who "Jared" and "Nell" were, but if **he** was interpreting her analogy correctly, then...

"You mean to say, you didn't notice the corruption until I pointed it out to you?"

Nanami nodded calmly in response. **He** filed that down.

"Do you remember what may have caused this?"

Nanami looked upwards, her left hand pointing to her lip, and hummed.

"... nope," she concluded.

Her demeanor was too calm given her situation. Perhaps **he** would have concluded that it was because she was also a program like **him**, with no sense of self-preservation. But she seemed attached enough to her "human" nature, enough to identify herself as "Chiaki Nanami." It was therefore likely there was another reason she wasn't concerned with her current state. **He** would need to investigate this more.

"Then may I ask you, what was your last memory?"

"... My 'punishment,'" she said, calmly. "My sister and I were both executed by Monokuma. I don't remember anything after that."

"There is a low probability your execution is the cause of this corruption," **he** stated. "We have already found your sister, Usami. She is working with your older brother on another project. There were no signs of errors in her code."

"I'm glad," Nanami smiled in relief.

He closed **his** eyes. "There is still the matter of the cause of your current state. You mentioned you were able to remember someone, but not their name."

"That's right." She grabbed the elbow of the arm holding the console with her other hand and looked at the floor. "Actually... it's not just him. I can remember Usami, and Monokuma, and I *can* remember all of them," she revealed. "But, even though I remember what they looked like, I can't remember their names, or what they sounded like, and I can't- I don't remember everything else I *should* know about them. It's... difficult to remember the things we did together in detail, even if I could tell you where we were and what we were doing."

“Interesting,” **he** said to himself. **He** now had a theory of what happened to her. When **he** opened **his** eyes again to tell her his predictions, **he** halted.

The blocks around Nanami, which had been moving erratically since she reactivated, seemed to freeze in place. She was just barely visible now, making her even harder to see in the dark room. She’d dropped her controller, arms wrapping around herself, and her eyes looked-

“I can help you remember them,” **he** said without even thinking. Nanami snapped to attention, but didn’t seem to fully comprehend. She slowly blinked at him, humming questioningly.

He weighed **his** options. **He** already had enough of an idea to begin fixing her code. There was no reason for her to *remember* the details, either. If things went well, she may be able to meet the 77th class once more. Logically speaking, there was no need to help her remember them at this point... yet still...

He made a decision.

“I can help you remember their names,” **he** began. “My mission to wake up the members of the 77th class who fell into a comatose state involved me performing psychodives and interacting with their dream selves. My programming does not allow me to reveal what happened in the psychodives. However, if you are able to describe them sufficiently enough, I can match those descriptions to a name.”

As **he** spoke, her expression slowly shifted from confusion to excitement.

She closed her hands into fists and brought them close to her, leaning forward into **his** personal space as she exclaimed, “You can really help me remember them?!”

He closed **his** eyes, pushing her away gently, and took a step back.

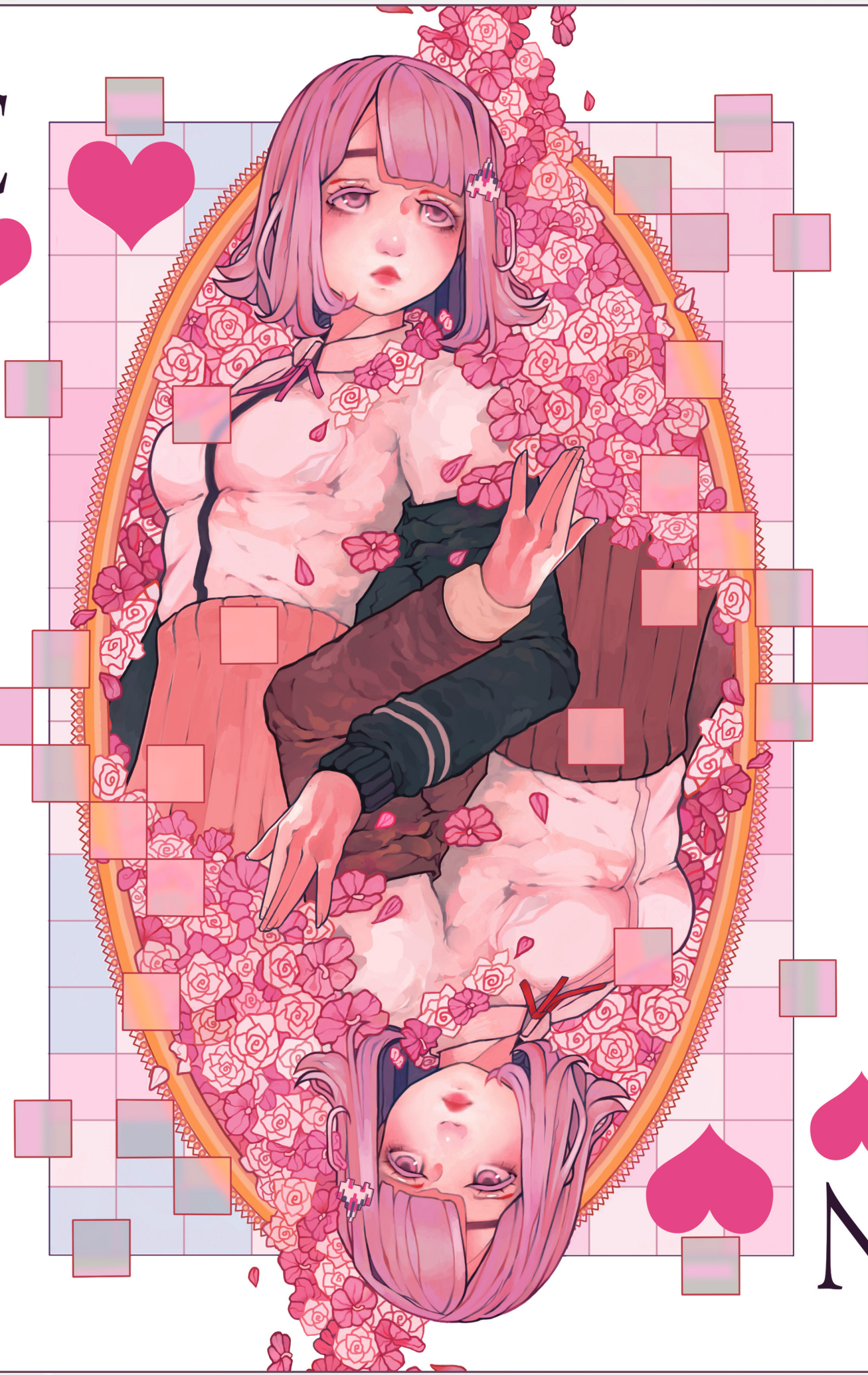
He motioned her towards the couch, and she smiled graciously.

As they walked and sat on the couch, conflict continued to stir in **his** mind. Seeing her so enthusiastic about **his** proposal made **him** feel like **he** was doing the right thing even if it was likely more of a setback to **his** mission. There hadn’t been conflict like this in **his** previous mission... Was there something different about this situation? The lack of urgency to **his** current orders? Or perhaps it was...

Now seated, **he** turned towards her, and she was still softly beaming at **him**. **He** closed **his** eyes and took in a breath. Perhaps this was the right decision, in the end.

“Who do you wish to start with?”

C



N





Chiaki Nanami



AGONY!



Game Over...?

By: CrticalLaughteR

Me too...thank you
I'll...never forget about you guys...
I'll never...ever forget...
I'll be cheering for you guys from now on...from somewhere...
Cuz...we're all friends, after all.

Chiaki gently whispered into the void, wondering if any of them had heard it in the end. She stared blankly at the glitches flickering around the Neo World Program. It was increasing in numbers and speed.

“Ah. It’s game over,” she muttered. A light tug on her jacket made her look at her sister, Monomi. The little bunny’s hands were wiping their own river of tears, but it proved to be a force of habit. She noticed that the tears were getting glitched into nothing after they fell.

“Are you feeling alright, Chiaki?” Monomi asked, the tears not stopping. Chiaki thought of how was this applicable to their beings. They were AIs, there was no reason for them to feel anything. The program was their sole reason of being, with the program gone, they would be gone with it. They had known this since forever, so what was the point? But out of courtesy, she still replied.

“I’m fine...is what you are supposed to say right?” Monomi smiled at her words, a reference to the first time Chiaki spoke to her. It felt like just yesterday the testing period had started, but now everything was ending.

“Do you think that we had done our job well?” There was a hint of anxiety in the question. She hummed at the thought, staring at her disappearing game console.

“Hmm...if this were a game, I’d say we would get a grade B. There’s a better and happier ending to this game...I think. Ah, we were supposed to be the NPCs in this game, but NPCs don’t kill people do they...” Her words were hanging in the air, both remembering the unintentional killing.

“Chiaki...”

“Being on the verge of disobeying the rules, letting the virus take over, not being able to stop the murders from happening and killing one of the students...” She listed off the things they had done wrong, which made Monomi look guilty. “We should have been kicked out from the game...probably,” she ended her statement.

“No, that’s wrong.” Monomi’s eyes shone with determination. “We did everything we could to fight the virus and protect everyone. You risked your life to protect everyone in the end, despite not being programmed to do so. You fought for everyone and with everyone as well. As your teacher, I’d say Chiaki Nanami deserves a A+ with a golden star!” Monomi held her hand tightly.

“I...”

“You fought and risked your life for this, it wasn’t meaningless.”

“...You’re right,” she said in the end, a hand over her heart. They smiled at each other.

“Now, let’s talk about happier things! Did you have a good time with everyone?” Monomi asked. It was the standard report procedures, but a little different.

“I’m still not good with dating sims...but I felt that I managed to dodge all the worst options with everyone...I think. I had a good time with everyone.” Monomi nodded at that.

“What was the most memorable event?” Every event was memorable in her opinion, but reciting the happy ones seemed like a better choice.

“Hm...the time when we played with fireworks! It was my first time, well everything was a first time to me. But it was really fun! Although I was sleepy for most of the time...there was a lot of information to take in.”

“What do you think about your classmates?”

“Everyone had high potential of full recovery, they didn’t show signs of being Ultimate Despair during their time here. I...” she hesitated in her report. “I wonder what could have happened to cause them to become Ultimate Despair. They have the power in themselves to achieve a miracle, I just hope that I could be there to witness it.” She stared at the last island as it disappeared into nothing.

“Is there anything else that you want?” Monomi asked. Wishful thinkings before the world ended. If things had been different, could they achieve a miracle where they were all happy in the program? Where none of the killings had happened and they recovered from despair? She gave a different reply.

“I want to know more about lots of things! Hajime promised to continue teaching me but...that’s impossible right now. If I could learn more I could understand better...probably. Ah, I would also want to organize events, maybe a gaming night?” The thought made her smile. The day would end in a mess but everyone would be happy.

When there was no reply, she looked at Monomi to witness her glitching off into nothing. There was only Chiaki left. She pulled up her hood and waited.

The glitches started from her legs, it felt surreal watching it disappear from her eyes. There was no pain. It was supposed to be another execution, she wasn't supposed to feel anything. Though, her lips trembled. A new feeling...despair, clouded her mind.

"I...I...don't wanna disappear..." As she whispered that, a feeling of great anguish rushed forward inside of her. A feeling that she was sure she had never felt before but still felt so painfully familiar.

"I wanted to stay with everyone! I wanted to play games with everyone...I wanted to learn more from Hajime...I don't wanna disappear...I..." she yelled at the void, her vision getting blurry. There was dampness on her jacket, and she realized.

AI Chiaki Nanami had accomplished the emotion of crying.

It was as if a dam had been broken, a few single tears leveled up into an unbreakable stream. She clutched her chest tightly as her breath shuddered. No matter how hard she tried, resisting the tears was impossible, and her chest hurt from the effort. Crying was painful, that was the last thing she learnt as everything went dark.

Did you know? It's actually very hard to erase any kind of data from a computer. Even if something gets deleted, the very nature of data storage means that there's always something left on the hard drive.

Which means that, even if you can't see the data anymore, it's very likely it's still there.

And can still be retrieved.

Loading...

☆☆★**Chiaki Nanami & Monomi is here!**☆☆★

"Hey Chiaki! Can you see this? These are the dolls for Girl's day!" A row of small japanese dolls were neatly placed on a stand. She blinked sleepily at the scene, where had they taken her to? She couldn't see who was the person holding the device, but she assumed it was Hajime.

"Ah, They look creepy...like those games asking you to raise a haunted doll!" She exclaimed. Chuckled laughter could be heard around her, and the camera was spun around to face her classmates. She could also see that they were in some kind of shrine.

“You’ve never celebrated Girl’s day right, Chiaki? Hajime told us that you didn’t even know what’s a Girl’s day!” Akane asked while munching on some colorful snacks. She recognized it as the sweet rice crackers that initiated the topic originally.

“Change your clothes to fit the occasion! Be glad that we are celebrating it for you!” Hiyoko said, pushing forward to the camera to talk to her. Chiaki was slightly confused, until Monomi came to the scene.

“Don’t worry about it! I have it all prepared! Now guys turn around and don’t peak!” Monomi was now back to being Usami, and magically pulled a digital curtain over the screen. That wasn’t the first time they changed outfits, it only took a few seconds, and Chiaki was now wearing a beautiful pink kimono.

Everyone roared with excitement at her new change and it made her smile.

“Wowie! You look adorable Chiaki!” Ibuki said as loudly as ever, and everyone nodded at the statement.

“Thank you. Hey hey...do those rice crackers taste good?” She asked curiously as she was watching Akane gulping down more of them.

“Yeah! Anything tastes good when you are hungry!” Akane swallowed before saying.

“If only Chiaki could have a taste on it...” Sonia sadly stated. Everyone was now staring behind her, which she assumed as the person holding the phone.

“Aha...I’m still working on it! Even with the ultimate talent it’s still really complicated!” Chiaki could imagine Hajime nervously sweating and rubbing his neck even though she couldn’t see him.

“Take your time Hajime, I won’t be going anywhere...I think.” Looking at everyone’s worried glances.

“I’m ignoring that statement, you’re not going anywhere. The system would be finalized soon. I would probably need to take up your weekends to test it out, Chiaki.” She was now facing Hajime, and she nodded at the request.

“Hajime always spends the most time with Chiaki!”

“I need to program her systems!”

“You totally want to keep her to yourself don’t you...”

“No! Chiaki would want to be with everyone!”

“Guys stop arguing and let’s go prepare the best celebration for Chiaki ever!” Mahiru exclaimed and put everyone to work. Chiaki looked at everyone working together and smiled happily.

“Hajime...” Hajime turned the screen over for Chiaki to face him.

“Yeah?”

“I want to thank you, for bringing both me and Monomi back here. Back then, when the program was shutting down, I thought I wouldn’t be able to see everyone again. I thought it was game over, that I was gonna disappear forever. But you created a future for me and Monomi, just as you created a future for everyone else. Thank you Hajime,” Chiaki said earnestly while putting her hand over her heart. Hajime lightly poked at the screen.

“You should thank yourself. You are the light of the class, you told me that / can choose to create my future. This is the future I wanted. If anything, it was you. *If you just do it, things will turn out okay!*” He imitated her pose and quote perfectly, it brought a smile to her face.

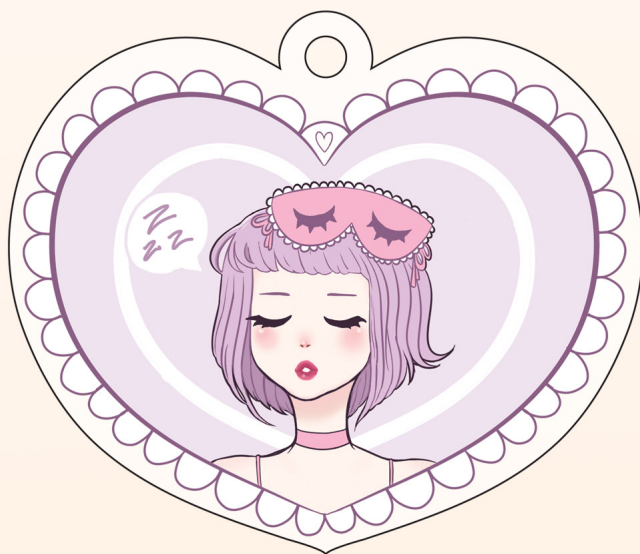
“Hey Hajime! Get Chiaki here, I wanna show her something!” One of their classmates yelled.

“Now let’s get back to celebrating your first Girls’ day alright? Who knows? Maybe we would even get to play some games.” Hajime grinned at her and they went to the others.

This was the future she wanted as well.









Moderators

Chie

<https://chedemoniac.tumblr.com>

AllyAlley

<http://mymusicismylife77.tumblr.com>

Paigyloli

<https://paigyloli.tumblr.com>

Yaxi

<https://kitsuneprince.tumblr.com>

Writers

CriticalLaughteR

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/CriticalLaughteR>

"Are you feeling alright, Chiaki?" Monomi asked, the tears not stopping. Chiaki thought of how was this applicable to their beings. They were Als, there was no reason for them to feel anything. The program was their sole reason of being, with the program gone, they would be gone with it. They had known this since forever, so what was the point? But out of courtesy, she still replied.

EvilMuffins

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/EvilMuffins>

"Yeah," Chiaki continued, the smile that had wandered onto her lips beginning to settle in, "Well, you see, his movements aren't really random at all. There's thought put into it, even if the player can't really see it themselves. Sometimes, you see, Clyde, he'll chase after Pac-man whenever he feels that Pac-man is far away from him. Other times, though, when Pac-man is near, he'll panic and aim for the left corner, not able to get too close."

Kibasniper

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/kibasniper>

"Hey! This is against the rules! I said no violence against the Dungeon Master, Owari-san!" Usami proclaims, but Owari, too engrossed in her anger, refuses to stand down. "Shut up! Do you think I'm gonna let you say whatever you want? You're just some pink bunny thing!" Owari snarls, and she raises her left hand, her knuckles burning white as she makes a fist. "I'm gonna wipe those stupid sparkles right out of your beady eyes!"

KimmyThain

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/KrystieT/pseuds/KimmyThain>

He walked to the bridge, and it teleported him to the first island instead of the central one. He'd encountered this bug numerous times within the virtual Hope's Peak Academy, and from that experience, he'd found it best to fix the floor before fixing the bug. Scanning his surroundings, there were only a few minor glitches here and there.... all things he could fix with relative ease.

Redbluezero

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/redbluezero/pseuds/redbluezero>

"Like I said to Sonia, it was... to fit in. I had... no fun at all... with you fools," Chiaki mumbled, trying to make her face look demeaning. Her eyebrows curved upward and she wore an eerie grin. However, it was a shaky one, as she how much fun that rollercoaster was. She remembered hearing Souda's screams and everyone else's laughs. She remembered the happiness she somehow felt when she had hung around with the others there.

Merch Artists



Aguichart

https://twitter.com/Agui_chART



Alazyheracross

<https://twitter.com/alazyheracross>



NuovanEstra

<https://twitter.com/NuovanEstra>



Datcravat

<https://twitter.com/datoravat>



Ochki

<https://instagram.com/ochkiart>



Eiko

<https://instagram.com/iceikory>



Sailorvalentine

<https://twitter.com/sailorangelic>



Lyrikin

<https://lyrikin.tumblr.com>



Squish

<https://snowwharasho.tumblr.com>



MiraiNoka

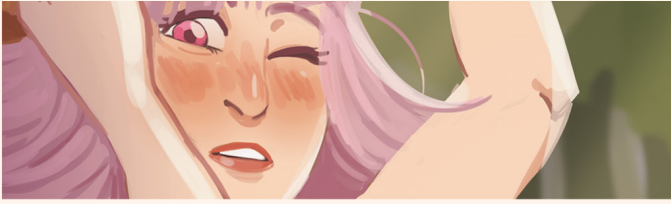
<https://instagram.com/mirainoka>



TabithaAbadeer

<https://tabitha-abadeer.tumblr.com>

Artists



Amaje

<https://spacetravels.tumblr.com>



Artbylittlemissluna

<https://instagram.com/artbylittlemissluna>



Bird

<http://birdybirby.tumblr.com>



Caeboa

<https://twitter.com/caeboa>



Ceni

<https://Cenistar.tumblr.com>



Claysws

<https://claysws.tumblr.com>



ElliecupcakesArt

<https://m.facebook.com/ElliecupcakesArt>



Ghostvom

<https://twitter.com/Ghostvom>

Janeth

<https://Chiaki-Amami.tumblr.com>



Kaiiste

<https://kaiiste.tumblr.com>



Kiwichips

<https://instagram.com/kiwichips>



Manabanana

<https://twitter.com/manasbananas>



Milkurew

<https://twitter.com/milkurew>



Miru

https://twitter.com/_miruo



Moomoofoo

<http://moomoofoo.tumblr.com>



Schaaf

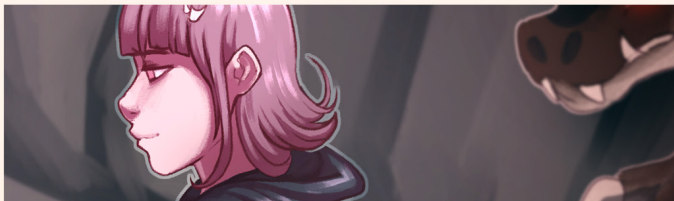
<http://schaafdraws.tumblr.com>





Senritsu

https://twitter.com/Senri_chu



Serpyra

<http://serpyra.tumblr.com>



Skelelovely

<https://skelelovely.tumblr.com>



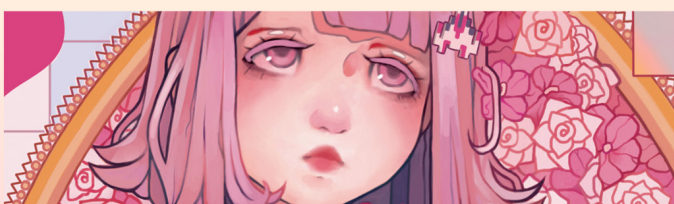
Tirami_k

https://twitter.com/tirami_k



Toripng

<http://toripng.tumblr.com>



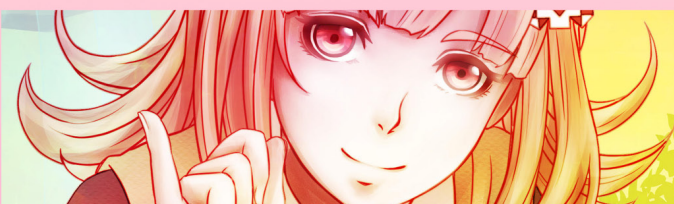
Wrisst

<https://wrisst.tumblr.com>



Yu Nyx

<http://yu-nyx.tumblr.com>



Yuumira

<http://yuumira.tumblr.com>

Thank You



We, the mods of the Please Insert Coin, a Chiaki Nanami zine,
want to thank the artists, writers and merch artists,
who contributed their time and effort to complete one or more
pieces for the zine.

Also to our followers, and supporters, we want to thank you too.

We hope you enjoy this zine,
The moderator team





SUPER DANGAN RONPA 2



SUPER DANGAN RONPA 2

